

WHERE MANY MEN FAIL THESE WOMEN SUCCEED



Miss Alice M. Durkin, builder.



Miss Anna Pendleton Schenk, architect.



Miss Fay Kellogg, architect.

The Misses Anna P. Schenk, Fay Kellogg and Alice M. Durkin are three New York women who hold the distinction of being successful in a field of endeavor heretofore held exclusively by men—that of the building trades. Obtaining

their early training in the offices of men high in the profession these women had the courage to believe in themselves and branch out on their own initiative. Their complete knowledge of the business, coupled with their ability to design

a building, won for them a conspicuous place among the leading architects of the city. Miss Fay Kellogg has the distinction of being the pioneer woman architect of New York city and has been called the foremost woman architect in the

world. Often she could be seen on the skeleton work of some tall building, the erection of which she was superintending. Miss Kellogg's average income is about \$10,000 annually. She studied her profession in Paris and New York. Miss Alice M. Durkin, New York's

woman builder, received her training in the office of a contractor and succeeded with her first bid in securing for her employer a choice contract on which a score of other firms had presented bids. Schenk & Mead is the new firm which has just been added to the list of New

York architects. To those who pass by their office at 105 West Fortieth street the firm name would seem to apply to a couple of bustling business men, but if you stepped into the office and asked for the boss a pleasing young woman named Miss Anna Pendleton Schenk would step

forward. Miss Schenk is the senior partner of the firm. It was during one of her very busy moments that she snatched time enough to pose for the accompanying photograph in her office. Miss Schenk is seriously interested in the subject of housing the poor.

"JARJAYE IN PARADISE"—A STORY BY THE FRENCH POET, FREDERIC MISTRAL

FREDERIC MISTRAL, the French poet who died on March 25, was called by Lamartine the Homer of Provence. He might with more justification have been called the Bobbie Burns of France. While his "Mireio," or as it is entitled in French, "Mireille," made him famous at the age of 25, it is not on that ambitious poem that Mistral's fame rests. He will be remembered rather by his insight into the character of the people of his native Provence and his short poems and tales based on the drogeries of the Provencal, his ready wit and primitive simplicity, combined with rustic philosophy.

French critics have found fault with "Mireio," which was published with a French translation accompanying the Provencal version, contending that Mistral intentionally ignored the wealth of the modern French tongue to place in higher relief the glory of the dialect he loved. Mistral's own "confession of faith" corroborates this view. "He who holds his mother tongue," he wrote, "holds the key which will free him from his chains."

"I love my village more than thy village," he said; "I love my province more than thy province."

Lamartine said of "Mireille," in presenting the work in his course on literature: "Village literature has been born. Thanks and glory to Providence. A great poet has appeared. A real Homeric poet in these days; a poet born, like the men of the Deucalion, of a stone in Crau; a primitive poet in this decadent age; a Greek poet at Avignon; a poet who creates a language out of a dialect, as Petrarch created

Italian; a poet who from a vulgar patois makes a classic tongue, full of imagery and harmony, a delight to the imagination and the ear; a poet who plays on the Jew's harp of his native villages symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven; a poet of 25 who on his first trial pours forth from his veins in pure and melodious strains a rural epopee in which the descriptive scenes of Homer's Odyssey and the innocently passionate scenes of Longus's Daphnis and Chloe, mingled with the saintliness and sadness of Christianity, are sung with the grace of Longus and the majestic simplicity of the blind man of Chios."

In dedicating "Mireille" to Lamartine Mistral said:

"I consecrate 'Mireille' to thee; it is my heart and my soul. It is the flower of my years. It is a grape from Crau which a peasant offers to thee with all its leaves."

"Mireille" was set to music by Gounod and had an enormous success. Mistral is known above all by the glorious part which he took in the rehabilitation of the Provencal dialect as a living literary tongue. He drew largely from the classic writers for his inspiration and placed this wealth of knowledge at the service of Provencal.

In his "Trésor du Félibrige," published in 1879-86 in two volumes, Mistral gathered together all the dialects of the langue d'oc, the spoken tongue of southern France in the days before the nation was one in anything but name, and presented a full dictionary of Provencal. He was one of the first and most ardent contributors to *Li Prouvençal*, the periodical founded in 1882 for the purpose of lifting the dialect of

the province to the dignity of a language.

He was a remarkable linguist. The legends of his native village, the sea and sky of Provence, always azure, the impetuous Rhone and arid Crau, the green Alps and the placid farms where the silkworms are at work glow in his poems and descriptive stories.

Life is joyous under the skies of southern France, and Mistral loved to paint the lighter side of the character of his compatriots. In *L'Armana Provençal* he wrote many delicious tales conceived in semi-satirical, semi-comic vein. Here is one of them, translated for the first time into English:

JARJAYE IN PARADISE.

BY FREDERIC MISTRAL.

Jarjaye, a Tarascon porter, has just died and with closed eyes drops into the other world. He drops and drops and drops. Eternity is immense, pitchy dark, boundless, inglorious. It makes one shudder. Jarjaye does not know whether he is going; he is plunged in uncertainty. His teeth are chattering and his arms are waving blindly. After falling ever so far he sees in the distance a faint light, far away, very far down. He drops toward it. It is the door of heaven.

Jarjaye knocks. "Who is it?" cries St. Peter. "I am here."

"Who are you?" "Jarjaye."

"Jarjaye of Tarascon?" "The very man."

"Why, you good for nothing," says St. Peter, "have you the impudence to try to come into paradise? You haven't

said your prayers in twenty years. When they said to you, 'Jarjaye, come to mass,' you always replied, 'I go only to afternoon mass.' You ate meat every Friday whenever you could, and on Saturday whenever you had any left, saying: 'Let it come! Flesh makes flesh; what enters the body can't hurt the soul.' When you heard the angelus ring instead of crossing yourself like every good Christian you said, 'Another pig hanged on the church clock.' When your father gave you the warning, 'Jarjaye, the good God will punish you,' you had only one reply: 'The good God? Has any body seen Him? When we die we're dead.' You, who blasphemed and denied the Christ and baptism, do you dare present yourself here, wretch abandoned by God?"

Poor Jarjaye can make only this reply: "I don't deny what you say. I am a sinner. But how was I to know that there would be such mysteries after death? I have lost; the wine is poured, and if I must drink it I suppose I must. But at least, great St. Peter, let me see my uncle. I want to tell him what's happening in Tarascon."

"What uncle?" "Uncle Matery, who was a real penitent."

"Your uncle Matery? He's got a hundred years to do in purgatory."

"Curses! A hundred years! What for?"

"You remember he carried the cross in processions. One day the village jokers got together and one of them shouted, 'Look at Matery carrying the cross!' A little further on another exclaimed, 'Look at Matery; he's carrying the cross!' A third said, 'Look, look at Matery; what's he carrying?'"

Matery lost control of himself and shouted, 'He's carrying a jackanapes like you!' He had a fit of apoplexy and died in the midst of his anger. 'Well, I'd like to see Aunt Dorothy, then. She was very, very plump.' "I don't know her. She must be with the devil."

"That wouldn't astonish me. If she was sanctimonious she made up for it with her serpent's tongue. Imagine that—"

"Jarjaye, you're wasting my time. I've got to receive a poor street sweeper who has just been sent into paradise by a kick of his donkey."

"Oh, great St. Peter, since you have done so much and a look costs nothing, let me get a glimpse of paradise. They say it's so beautiful."

"Oh, of course, I will. Oh, certainly I will, Vile Harguierot."

"Come, St. Peter, don't forget that your father, who is a fisherman, carries your banner in the church processions, walking with bare feet."

"That's true," says the saint. "I'll do it for your father's sake but you, you low scoundrel, you understand, you'll have to be content to get the tip of your nose inside the gate."

"That's enough!" The celestial gatekeeper half opens the portal and says to Jarjaye: "There, look."

Jarjaye, turning his back to the door, walks backward into paradise.

"Eh, what are you doing?" cries St. Peter.

"That dazzling light is blinding me. I have to walk in backward. But don't worry, when the tip of my nose is inside I'm not going any further."

"Now," thinks the saintly man, "I've put my foot in it."

The man from Tarascon is in paradise.

"Oh," he says, "isn't it fine? Isn't it gorgeous? What music!"

At the end of a few minutes the keeper of the keys says to Jarjaye: "When you're through gazing around here you're going to get out. I haven't time to stand here talking to you."

"Don't get excited," replies Jarjaye. "If you've got work to do, go ahead. I shall leave when I leave. I'm in no hurry."

"But that wasn't our agreement."

"My God, saintly man, what are you worrying about? It would be different if there wasn't room but, thank God, there's no lack of space here."

"Please get out. If the good God happened to come by, what—"

"As for that, settle it yourself. I have often heard people say 'When I am and here I stay.'"

St. Peter shook his head, stamped his foot. Then he went to look for St. Ives.

"Ives," he says, "you're a jurist. Can I get your advice?"

"More than that if you need it," replies St. Ives.

"I'm in a quandary. Here is the situation. And he tells all about his predicament, finishing with the query: 'Now, what am I to do?'"

"You must," says St. Ives, "get a good lawyer and have a summons to appear before God served on Jarjaye."

"They look for a good lawyer, but there isn't a lawyer in all paradise. Nobody has ever seen one. The search for a process server to serve the summons is just as vain. St. Peter doesn't know where to turn next. St. Luke passes by."

"Here, little ones," cries St. Luke, "come here."

"The little angels descend. 'Go just outside the gate,' says St. Luke to them, 'and fly past Jarjaye, crying: 'The bulls, the bulls! They're going.'"

As soon as the angels are made they exclaim in chorus: "There they go! Oh! look! The bulls, the bulls!"

Jarjaye turns to the gate and utters a Tarascon oath. What have they a bullfight here? He cries, "Let me see it!"

He dashes like a whirlwind to the gate and walks out of paradise.

St. Peter slams the door and says: "Then, opening a grating, he goes out and says maliciously: 'Well, Jarjaye, how do you like it?'"

"Don't worry about me," says Jarjaye. "If it had been a real bullfight I would not have minded passing your paradise."

He plunges head first into the street.

Women Autoists, No Longer Depending on Chauffeurs, Learn Care and Repair of Motors



Testing gears to see if they work together.



Pupils taking down notes on the working of the engine.



Taking the cylinder off the engine to find out

Many prominent New York women are attending the automobile school of the Y. M. C. A. at 318 West Fifty-seventh street in order to equip themselves with a thorough knowledge of the workings of their automobiles. The school, which is the largest of its kind in the world, has equipment costing more than \$35,000.